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THE HIVE.

"BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND,——HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL COMMEND."

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 1803.

TO THE PUBLIC.

DEFERENCE to our friends and to the public,—as well as compliance with established custom—renders it necessary to make a few remarks on the present undertaking.

That a periodical publication, containing a miscellaneous assemblage of instructive and entertaining compositions, must be highly beneficial to the community,—promote a spirit of literature,—afford means of instruction to numbers, who would be otherwise debarred from it,—and be to the learned a proper vehicle for conveying useful observations and remarks to the public,—are truths so self-evident as to require no illustration.

To render it more extensively serviceable, we solicit the assistance of the literati of every class and denomination. The Philosopher may here communicate the result of his researches,—the Moralist may lay down rules of ethics and discipline,—the Satirist lash the follies and vices of the times,—the Candid Enquirer propose his doubts and difficulties for solution,—the Humorist raise the innocent laugh,—and, the Poet invoke the Muses, on subjects as well gay as grave.

We hope, therefore, that ladies and gentlemen of literary taste will favor us with their correspondence. On such we entirely rely: for it is evident, that the reputation of a work of this kind, must, finally, depend upon the support of persons of that description.

Let not the inexperienced be intimidated from assuming the pen. We shall receive with gratitude, the favors of all correspondents,—and shall endeavor to observe that degree of propriety and decorum, in the refusal of such as may be deemed inadmissable, which is due to voluntary and well-meant contributions.....Periodical publications of this kind have in Europe proved the means of maturing and perfecting the taste and talents of many who afterwards became the most celebrated literary characters. We hope THE HIVE will prove proportionately useful here.

Our utmost endeavors shall be exerted to merit the public countenance—how far those endeavors may be attended with success, must be decided by the proportion we may receive of that countenance. We hope for the indulgence of the candid part of our fellow-citizens, to overlook whatever defects may be found in the infant undertaking.

THE first number of THE HIVE is offered to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Lancaster and its vicinity as a specimen. The Editor, or some person authorized by him, will call in the course of a few days, on those subscribers who have not yet paid their advances.

Those who wish to receive THE HIVE from the beginning will please to forward their names to the Printing-office as soon as possible.

Subscriptions will be received in this borough, by Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Dickson, and by the Editor, at the Hive-Office, nearly opposite the sign of Wm. Pitt, in East King-street.

In Harrisburg, by Mr. Wyeth,—in Carlisle, by Mr. Alexander,—in York-town, by Mr. M'Clellan,—and in Middletown, by Mr. Crabb.

Those gentlemen who have been kind enough to receive subscriptions for THE HIVE, will please to forward the names of subscribers by the first opportunity.

TERMS OF THE HIVE.

To town subscribers, and country subscribers who receive their papers in town, TWO DOLLARS per annum—payable in half-yearly advances.

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TRUTH.

Whate'er betides through life's dark dangerous way,
If Truth directs, you cannot go astray.

OF all the qualifications that adorn the human mind, Truth is the most respectable. It is a rich, though simple ornament—and he who is not possessed of it, let his rank and qualities be what they may, will be forever despicable in the sight of the good and wise.

When the wise men were commanded by the king to declare what was the strongest power on earth, such as exceeded even that of the monarch himself, they were all at a loss to answer; at length one said woman, another declared for wine; but neither of these answers proving satisfactory, the prophet Daniel was consulted, who, being endued with wisdom from on high, answered, that TRUTH was the strongest and supported his assertions with such weighty arguments, that nobody could controvert them.

APPLICATION.

There is nothing can render a man more respectable in this world, or more acceptable to heaven, than a strict adherence to TRUTH, and an unalienable regard for sincerity. We are naturally led to dislike those who are always intent upon deceiving us. Whereas on the contrary, we make no scruple to confide in those who are sincere, because we know ourselves to be safe in their hands. They will be either constant friends or open enemies, and even if through human frailty, they are sometimes led into errors, yet their generous acknowledgment of them makes amends, in a great degree, and is a good token for their avoiding it in future.

To conclude, TRUTH is one of the attributes of the Almighty, who will certainly punish such as deviate from it, either in this world or in the next.

REMARK.

Nothing is more erroneous than the common observation, "that men who are ill-natured and quarrelsome when they are drunk, are very worthy persons when they are sober;" for drink in reality doth not reverse nature, or create passions in men which did not exist in them before.

SLANDER.

"Slander, the worst of poisons, ever finds,
"An easy entrance in ignoble minds."

AMIDST the many vices with which the present age is contaminated, none appears of such a dangerous tendency, as that of slander, and considering the universality of its sway, none more deserving the scourge of the moralist.

How often have virtue and innocence been trodden under foot by the most detestible of vices!—How often has the fate of a poor forlorn stranger been decided over a "cup of tea" or a "glass of wine!"—How often has the bud of genius been destroyed by the chilling frosts of cold disdain! Is it possible that human being can be so far lost to sense and feeling!—is it possible that any one can be pleased at such savage brutality?—yes it is too true—the manes of injured innocence, call loudly upon their cruel calumniators, and it is high time that this lurking serpent should be expelled from society.

One idle source of this vice, arises merely from an "idle desultory turn of mind." If mankind would pay more attention to their own affairs and conduct, they perhaps would not find so much time to investigate the characters and conduct of others. This class of characters conceive it beneath them to "think at all;" careless as to the embellishments of either mind or body, their chief delight is in "laughing from house to house" and decrying the characters of others, for such is their envy and spleen, that they cannot endure the idea of others possessing virtues and qualifications which they themselves were too idle to acquire. Happy would it be for mankind at large, as well as for the individuals themselves, if, instead of this kind of employment, they would learn to study and converse upon the useful.—Nothing can be more insipid and irksome to a mind of sensibility, than to be obliged to hear the modern "tea-table chat," which merely consist of declamation, at the expence of some absent person: misrepresentation and abuse are the necessary accomplishments, and you are considered as a strange and reserved kind of being, unless you can, not only contribute your quota, but also subscribe to all they say, and ten to one but they will take the first opportunity to strip you, and leave you as bare and naked of virtues as themselves.

What such characters can propose to themselves, by such a mode of conduct, I am at a loss to determine; it certainly can be productive of no advantage, but on the contrary, is a direct path to infamy and reproach; for however virtue may be crushed by their cruel and ungenerous conduct, yet she cannot be totally overcome, and the time will certainly arrive when they will have reason to dread her rising power; every virtuous mind will look upon them with disdain, and like "proud Haman," they will at last fall a just sacrifice to their own devices.

The difficulty of forming a true judgment of the conduct of others, is a powerful argument against such a practice. An action at first sight may appear highly improper, and perhaps very criminal, yet may be very justifiable when all the circumstances are known, and until the motives be ascertained, we cannot possibly decide whether it be criminal or not, much less the degree of it.

It is also most destructive as it relates to society; it not only sets individuals, but families, states, and even nations by the ears.

There is no injury to which man can be subjected, that can hold any comparison with that his character may sustain. "He that steals my purse" (says the 'immortal bard') "steals trash—but he who filches from me my good name, robs me of that which not enriches him, but makes me poor indeed." Indeed it is a crime that is almost unpardonable: reputation is a tender flower, and slow of growth; it is perhaps the toil of many years; and to have it blasted in one hour by some unfeeling wretch!—at an evening's visit! over a cup of tea, or a glass of wine! It is too much!—blush ye inhuman brutes! behold sensibility weeping over the ruin you have occasioned!—may the arrow of fell remorse, leave the ranklin venom in such flinty hearts; and may all the pangs they have occasioned on others, return with double torture to themselves, and the sword of the "destroying angel," leave neither root nor branch of such a tribe of gloomy assassins.

When, alas, will the age of reason and philantropy return!—when shall virtue raise her head!—I weep, for

"I am a man, and all calamities that touch
"Humanity, come home to me."

—o—

THE LADIES.

THE critics of the fair sex tell us they are vain, frivolous, ignorant, coquetish, capricious, and what not. Unjust that we are! It is the fable of the *Lion* and the *Man*; but since the ladies have become authors they can take their revenge, were they not too generous for such a passion. Though they have learnt to paint, their sketches of man are gentle and kind.

But if the ladies were what surly misanthropes call them, who is to blame? Is it not we who spoil, who corrupt, who seduce them?

Is it surprising that a pretty woman should be vain when we daily praise to her face her charms, her taste, and her wit? Can we blame her vanity when we tell her that nothing can resist her attractions; that there is nothing so barbarous which she cannot soften; nothing so elevated that she cannot subdue; when we tell her that her eyes are brighter than day; that her form is fairer than summer, more refreshing than spring; that her lips are vermillion; that her skin combines the whiteness of the lilly with the incarnation of the rose?

Do we censure a fine woman as frivilous when we unceasingly tell her that no other study becomes her but that of varying her pleasures? that she requires no talent but for the arrangement of new parties; no ideas beyond the thought of the afternoon's amusement? Can we blame her frivolity when we tell her that her hands were not made to touch a needle, or soil their whiteness in domestic employments? Can we blame her frivolity when we tell her that the look of seriousness chases from her cheek the dimple in which the loves and the graces wanton; that reflection clouds her brow with care, and that she who thinks, sacrifices the smile that makes beauty charm, and the gaiety that renders wit attractive?

How can a pretty woman fail to be ignorant, when the first lesson she is taught is, that beauty supersedes and dispenses with every other quality; that all she needs to know is, that she is pretty; that to be intelligent, is to be pedantic; and that to be more learned than one's neighbor, is to incur the reproach of absurdity and affectation?

Shall we blame her for being a coquette, when the indiscriminate flattery of every man teaches her, that the homage of one is as good as that of another? It is the same darts, the same flames, the same beaux, the same coxcombs. The man of sense, when he attempts to compliment, recommends the art of the beau, since he condescends to do with awkwardness what a monkey can do with grace. With all she is a goddess, and to her all men are equally mortals. How can she prefer when there is no merit, or be constant where there is no superiority?

Is she capricious? Can she be otherwise, when she hears that the universe must be proud to wait her commands; that the utmost of a lover's hopes is to be the humblest of her slaves; that to fulfil the least of her commands is the highest ambition of her adorers?

And are women so unjust to censure the idols made by their own hands? Let us be just; let us begin the work of reformation: when men cease to flatter, women will cease to deceive; when men are wise, women will be wise to please. The ladies do not force the taste of the men; they only adapt themselves to it. They may corrupt, and be corrupted; they may improve, and be improved.

—o—

A SPUR TO FEMALE INDUSTRY.

IN Poland, the women of middling condition are not allowed to marry, till they have wrought with their own hands three baskets full of cloaths, which they are obliged to present to their guests, who attend them, on their wedding-day.

Extract from an Oration on Noses.

NOSES are of a remote origin.—They are lineally descended from as antient a family, and possess as noble blood as any upon earth. We receive no particular light upon this subject, to be sure, from the book of Genesis; but we have every reason to believe, that both of our first parents had Noses. This deduction is drawn A POSTERIORI, as the philosophers say, for if we cast our eyes over the whole earth, or if we trace the annals of antiquity, we shall neither see nor read of any nation, generation, tribe or class of people, that were without Noses.

Did you ever see a man with a fine aquiline Nose, that was not possessed of superior intellects? When this excrescence is large, it follows as a necessary inference, that there is greater room left there for the expansion of the brain. Pray, therefore, all fathers and mothers, that hear me, that your children may have long Noses; pinch them, and pull them, and mould them to a high aquiline construction, if they happen unfortunately to be small. Young people of every description, choose your sweethearts by the size and figure of their Noses. If they be not high and properly proportioned, depend upon it you are in danger of getting into a hobble.

The first and great use of the Nose is in giving bread to thousands. "Giving bread!" you will say—"The Nose give bread!"—Ay, that it will, I say thousands of our species get their bread, and their beef, and their grog too, by a whimsical propensity of the Nose. Look around you in this town, and see how many tobaconist's shops there are, where rappee and Scotch snuff's are manufactured; and how many tradesmen acquire wealth by the importation of St. Domingo and Maccabeau. Consider how many old women, and taylors, and beaux, draw a great part of their temporal enjoyment from a hearty pinch of snuff. See here then, what a source of pleasure is discovered, and how many honest laborers are kept in employ, by this queer hankering of the Nose after a stimulus.

Again, the Nose is of great use as a handle to the face. A pump has a handle, and a tea-pot has a handle: and why in the name of Zookers and Bodkins, should not a man's face have a handle? When one man wishes to insult another he has nothing more to do, than to take his antagonist by the Nose, and to lead him about the room. And when we are told that Old Maids will lead Apes in those regions which I must not name to polite ears, I think it probable, that our antiquated virgins will there be authorised and enabled, with impunity, to insult Old Bachelors for not courting them here, by leading them about by the Nose.

Finally, the Nose is of great use as an instrument of music. At the bar, as well as in the pulpit, the twang of nasal trumpet is of the utmost avail to rouse and command attention. It fills the ear with a full chorus of sonorous discord.

Thus, my audience, have I endeavored to give a few thoughts on the history, varieties and uses of Noses—hence you will discern the importance of this noble member. Be careful of it, I entreat you, let no accident deform, let no insult disgrace it. It is the highest and most conspicuous ornament on the face; let nothing, therefore, impair its elegance. Let not that insiduous enemy, intemperate drinking, change its fair aspect to a feverish red, nor raise on it the odious carbuncle, but preserve, by every means, its beauty and its health, and transmit it to posterity a sound, prominent, sensible, and respectable Nose.

—

Mr. M'Dool,

BEING tould that you would soon be after prenting a bet of a newspaper called The Bee Hive, I thought as how that I would spake tull you in riting 'bout the fair.

I meets Thady M'Swezzel above at the sighn of the Grid Iron, fornenst the turnpike; Teague, says he, will you go to the fair? Yes, says I, provided you behave dacent and keep dacent company; and says he Teague, says he, we are now in a liberty country and may do as we plase, and says he, we'll, we'll go to the big mans beyont where they have the purty musick and the whirlegig plays to win mony aff the jentlemen; and you know Teague, says he, some of the formost men in town, even the squire himself, goes there. Agreed, says I, and down we cums after a naggin or two at Paddys by the way; but troth we could hardly see the fair for the people; there was bog-trotters and clodhoppers, gimlet eyes and hazle eyes, squint eyes and goggle eyes, timber toes and square toes, snaggle teeth and pratoe snappers; augh! hough! by the holy stone I was most bewildered wid dire craving me for fairings; by the grate I was obliged to give Judy somting for her kindness to me aboard of ship, I'd a pain about my haslett occasioned I believe by love.—Wid sum difficulty we got to the big mans house were we seen the musick and heard de little poppets dance and the big guns shoot. As we went down stairs Thady, says I, cant we be after loosing a quarter or two wid de jentlemen? they appear so kind and are so civil and so good natur'd they give you whisky or punch for noting at all at all, only that they may win your mony that they may the better be able to afford to trate, and you know Thady, says I, it will make us appear more respectable. Teague, says he, I always thought you was a scholardly man and could rite ritten hand, and says he, I'll take your advice. So in we goes and I clapt my hat to one side to look jimmy and downs with quarter dollar and round goes the gooseberry—gone is my quarter. I downs wid anoder—away he sweeps it. I downs wid my watch, wid my rings, and the deel dom me if I stopt 'till I lost the hole tullogh becase I wanted to appear as grate as any of dem. Cum along Thady, says I, we'll go to Biddy O'Donnelly's there beyont in the hill and we'll get a naggin or two to comfort us, becase you see I was vex'd. By de holy poker I cud have splinter'd de skull of any man dat ever eat a pratoe.

At Biddies we meets with Pat Suggin, Billy Hulligin, Teague O'Regan, Titus M'Fadien, and a few more acquaintances; and the lasses was there. Jenny O'Donnelly, that broke the heart of my poor broder who lov'd her most dearly god rest his soul, she was there, and Judy M'Gladdery, and a hole bodderation of 'em. I borrowed a quarter from Thady privately, you see I did'nt want to discover my poverty, and I calls for a pint and drinks to Billy Hulligin and the rest of dem all but Pat, who had tould Jenny a parcel of lies about my broder; and so says he Teague, says he, why but you give as a naggin wid the rest? Becase, says I, you dont deserve it, and, says I, you are no jentleman. Teague, says he, if I was not affear'd, says he, to send you to h——l before your time, says he, I'd nock your daylights out! With that I lets drive at him and the spalpien of perdition dodg'd to avoid the blow, and I being in such an angry passion, and my fist being like the hammer of death, and wid a devil of a sweep I struck my arm against his napper and broke it in two. Och! och! Mr. M'Doll I thought I was kilt and smash'd to pieces. The girls dey wer all frightned becase I look'd so pale, and Biddy gave me a glass of her own free will to revive my drooping spirits. Thady advis'd me to go to de doctors: Och! och! and he most kilt me, but I hope I shall be made hole again.

Now Mr. M'Doll I want to know wedder it is best to keep company wid jentlemen and loose all your earnings, or go to Biddies and be kilt. So no more from your friend,

TEAGUE M'TEAGUE.

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Be it our weekly task,
To note the passing tidings of the times.

Lancaster, *June* 22, 1803.

MARRIED, On Wednesday the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Clarkson, *Samuel Bethei*, Esq. to Miss *Sally Hand*, eldest daughter of the late General Edward Hand.

——, On the 16th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Muhlenberg, Mr. *Samuel White*, to Miss *Catharine Musser*, daughter of Mr. Michael Musser, all of this borough.

Happy the pair whom love and reason join,
When virtue sanctifies the bond divine,
To them a paradise on earth is given,
And when from time they go, they rest in heaven.

POETRY.

SEDUCTION.

SAD be the hour, in memory's page forlorn,
The cypress shade it, and the willow mourn:
When the fond maid, subdu'd in reason's trance,
Child of desire, and pupil of romance,
Beneath the pensile palm, or aloed grove,
Like Cleopatra, yields the world for love.
Poor is the the trophy of seductive art,
Which but to triumph, subjugates the heart:
Or, Turquin like, with more licentious flame,
Stains manly truth to plunder female fame.
Life's deepest penance never can atone,
For hope forfeited, or for virtue flown.
Yet such there are, whose smooth, perfidious smile
Might cheat the tempting crocodile in guile,
Thorns be their pillow, agony their sleep:
Nor e'en the mercy given, to "wake and weep!"
May screaming night-fiends, hot in recreant gore,
Rive their stain'd fibres to their heart's rank core,
Till startled conscience heap in wild dismay,
Convulsive curses on the source of day!

—⊙—

A BULL AND NO BULL.

A wag having wager'd with Teague half a crown,
Bost how many signs of the Bull were in town;
Teague swore there were three—which was flatly denied.
And to point out a Bull more than two was defi'd:
When he thus'gan to count—"There's the black Bull in Foregate,
That's one—then the second's the white Bull in Norgate:
And as for the next, which makes three you'll allow,
In the very next lane there's a little brown cow!"
"I right Irish brunder!" says each stander by,
"And the bet you have lost"—"Tut" says Teague "that's a lie!
"I'll be bound, stead of losing my wager I win it,
"For that blunder's a Bull, or the devil is in it!"

—⊙—

WHIMSICAL LINES,

Found in the Pocket-book of one KECKSEY, *a Parish Clerk.*

IF it be true, as I fear, 'tis
We all must change this mortal phiz;
It matters not when tolls my knell,
So I perform my duty well.
Then prithee weep no more for me,
For I'll not drop a tear for thee;
And whether it be sung or said,
This truth is known to all our trade:
That young or old, maid or man,
Must 'live' to 'die,' do all they can.
Then mark the moral of what's said—
When death shall come—cry, "who's afraid."

—⊙—

THE COQUETTE REPROVED.

"'Tis strange that I remain a maid,
"Though fifty swains have homage paid."
"The reason you have told,'; says Fanny,
"You have just "forty-nine too many."

—⊙—

A HINT TO THE FAIR.

I courted Mira when just twenty-three;
Now Mira in her fortieth year courts me.

—⊙—

MAXIM.

The tongue may sometimes be bridled, but the mind can suffer no restraint.

SIBERIA.

MR. LEDYARD, a native of Connecticut, who travelled some of the most dreary regions of Russia, in a letter to Doctor Leyard, of Long-Island, wrote as follows:

"YOU have no idea of the excessive cold in the region of Siberia. By experiments that I made at Yakutsh, I found on the 19th of November the mercury in my thermometer froze. In December, I found, by repeated observations, that two ounces of clear quicksilver, openly exposed, froze hard in fifteen minutes. I observed that in these severe frosts, the air was condensed, as it is with you in a thick fog—the atmosphere is frozen—respiration is fatiguing, &c. It is a happy law of nature, that in such intense cold there is seldom any wind; when there is, it is dangerous to be abroad.

"There are no wells at Yakutsh; for it is found by experiment that the water freezes at sixty feet deep. People of these regions are therefore obliged to use ice and snow. They have also ice windows. Glass is of no use to the few who have it. The difference in the state of the air, within and without, is so great, that the glass is covered on the inside with several inches of frost, and in that situation it is less luminous than ice. The timber of the houses splits and opens with loud cracks; the rivers thunder, and open with broad fissures; all nature groans beneath the rigorous winter."

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EXCELLENT ANECDOTE.

Duke Shendois, (of convivial memory) one day gaming at the Groom porters in London, after having looked at his watch, missing his fob, put it in between the lining of his breeches and his shirt—some time after, he missed his watch, and informing a nobleman who sat by him of it, the nobleman immediately stood up, and locking the door, said, Duke Shendois had lost his watch, and that every person present should stand a strict search. Accordingly a general search was made, no person refusing, but one young gentleman very decently dressed, who drew his sword, and said he had not the Duke's watch, and that he would not be searched by any man in England. The Duke took a fit of laughing at the gentleman's foolish resistance, as he thought it, and in his shaking on the chair, he felt his watch in his breeches under his thigh, and cried out immediately that he had found his watch.

When all the confusion had subsided, the Duke rose up, went to the young man and calling him aside, asked him what could be his reason for refusing to be searched, as he was innocent, and as he knew it was a measure that would be insisted upon? Upon which the young man said, to satisfy your grace, I will tell you, though I would not tell any other person in England. I am a younger brother, I have spent a large personal fortune, and am now reduced to great distress, I dined yesterday at a friend's house, and not knowing where to dine this day, I put a cold fowl in my pocket, and would sooner fight any man in England, than it should be discovered there.

—⊙—

IN days of yore, and even less than two centuaries ago, it was not uncommon for the ladies of British noblemen to give as much attention to domestic affairs as farmers' wives do now.—It happened in those times of industry and economy, that, Sir Walter Raleigh, lodging at the house of a noble Lord, overheard the lady, before he was up in the morning, demanding of the maid, whether she had fed the pigs. After Sir Walter had risen from bed, and while breakfast was preparing, he facetiously asked the lady whether the pigs had been fed.—"Yes," she retorted, with a significant look, "the pigs have all had their breakfast, except one STRANGE pig that we have but very lately had in keeping."

—⊙—

A sea-captain, going a foreign voyage, was requested by a number of ladies of his acquaintance, to purchase them silks; and they gave him their memorandums; but, *except one*, enclosed no money. After returning from the voyage, the ladies waited on him, and enquired whether the silks were bought. "No," replied the captain, "an unlucky accident put it out of my power to oblige you; as soon as we arrived within sight of port, I took out your memorandums and laid them upon the binnacle, that I might arrange them in some proper order; when a sudden gust of wind swept them off, and scattered them over the water." "That was very odd, indeed," exclaimed one of the ladies, in an angry tone: "However, you had the kindness to purchase for Mrs. ——, the silk that she sent for." "True," replied the captain, "I purchased silks for Mrs. ——; which was owing to a peculiarly fortunate circumstance; for she had the precaution to enclose a number of *guineas*, which, by their weight, saved the memorandums from being blown away with the others."

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When M. S——, a Frenchman, notorious for speaking ill of every body, died, it was reported that he had poisoned himself—"What!" replied Madame de Moustange: "Sure he must have *bit his own tongue!*"

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A dancer saying to a Spartan, "You cannot stand as long on one leg as I can." "True," answered the Spartan, "but any goose can."

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